

NEWS CULLINGS.

NATIONAL BANK NOTE REDEMPTION.

The Government Disposes of Its Out-Currency—How Long an Ordinary Bank Note Remains Current.

(Washington Star.)

One of the most complete of the Government's work is the National Bank Redemption Division of the Treasury Department. The work done there, while of a complicated nature, and requiring great care in handling and counting the vast quantities of money which constantly pass through the bureau, the system of check-receipting is so perfected that it is almost as simple as the very short time it takes to trace almost simultaneously the fifty-seven employees of the bureau, mostly ladies, who are locked in a room on the west side of the building, the ones who count and sort the bank notes, which are sent to the department for redemption. Each note has a separate table with compartments for different notes. The casual visitor to the department gets a partial glimpse of the ladies behind the wire mesh, rapidly fingering the soiled and worn money which has just been withdrawn from general circulation, but, for precautionary reasons, visitors are seldom admitted to the interior.

It is well known that in existence for many years on the 1st of July, and the work accomplished by it is invaluable, as its origin there has been released \$1,047,075, or over twice the National bank circulation.

What is the average life of a bank note? asked a *Star* reporter of one of the clerks.

"At five years," was the reply. "Of course," he added, "we have no other way of finding out than by comparing the annual redemption with that in circulation, about 20 per cent. of the circulation being redeemed every year. The life of the legal tender, being of smaller denomination, is about three years."

A certain amount of money received from year to year varies from \$600,000,000 to \$240,000,000. This would be an average of \$150,000,000, but the clerks would not be averaged at that way. When the redemption is over \$600,000,000 the work is really more than to be done with the present force. It is a promise of an additional force of 100,000.

One reporter was escorted through the division the other day by the Superintendent, Mr. Rodgers, and the modest official was kindly explained: "Money sent to be redeemed goes through three processes," said the officer, "the first being received from banks, and the second being taken by the clerks, who give their receipts for them, and the third being sorted by the clerks. These processes, considering the amount of money received from year to year, is a very small amount, and the next day the bills are divided into three groups. We have fifty-two of these groups, which include all the National Bank, arranged alphabetically by towns in which they are issued. New York has a group of its own, and has the largest number of the larger number of banks located in these cities. The groups are deposited in the vaults, and are gradually withdrawn and separated according to the banks of issue. This constitutes the third and process. Bank notes which are fit are sent to the banks of issue, and a check, which is given on a sub-treasury, sent for which are not fit. While the first two processes are daily, the third is of course done once a week. The groups are taken from the vaults, and the whole fifty-two are gone through with about twelve clerks a year. When the redemption is over \$600,000,000 in a year about 75 per cent. of the notes received have to be sent to the vaults, a very small proportion being used again. When, however, redemption is much over that the proportion of fit notes is much larger."

Does the ladies are allowed to have portable seats while at work. Has that been the case? asked the *Star* reporter.

"Several years ago they were considered to stand at these large cases and turn their work. But the constant standing, and from the use of muscles of the shoulders in handling money was very injurious. The system of the work, however, permits changes in the manner of performing. After five years of steady work in the day a woman would be almost entirely worn out."

This book? continued Mr. Rodgers, "is a rather small account book, showing the workings of this organization the present day, giving the result of the day's proceedings. It is balanced up, and from an inspection of it, the clerks of the division can be seen at a glance. If a bank sends more money than is on a package, or not as much as is on it, it is noted here. On May 1 you see that there was a shortage of \$291. It is rather peculiar, for the package of money came from the National Metropolitan Bank of New York, just a day or so before it was suspended. The officers of the bank must have received the letter from the department noting the mistake on the morning of suspension, but I guess they were too busy with more important matters to pay any attention to it. That the fourth time that there were large shortages in the packages from that bank in the past ten years, but every time the bank would not own the mistake, insisted that the trouble was in the package. Very often banks send more money mark on the packages. In fact, they have exceeded the shorts, amounting to \$170,800, and the shorts to \$200. In the last ten years \$41,930 in short notes has been discovered."

Is it possible for an employee to extract and take it home? asked the *Star* reporter.

"It is possible, but not at all probable," it should be done a mistake was discovered by means of the check-receipting, and the point of discovery would be soon located. Of course, if clerks were inclined to steal they are apt to take from an 'over' package, but a mistake of that character is discovered at home and reported before we can inform the bank. We point to the fact of the 'overs' exceeding the 'shorts' as a general proof of the honesty of the bureau."

Of course everybody knows what the result of the redeemed notes. The bank is macerated in the basement of the Treasury.

The United States notes are similarly disposed of at the bureau of engraving and printing. The pulp which remains is often made into ornaments of different designs, and sold by private parties to curiosity-seekers. The fact that each ornament contains the remains of thousands of dollars is its main attraction. The pulp is sometimes made into paper, but only the coarsest kind can be made, in fact not so good even as formerly, when the notes were printed upon better material than now. When the bank-redemption agency was first established the macerating process was in vogue in the Treasury department. Subsequently it was abandoned, and a large furnace used for burning the notes.

This did not work satisfactorily, as the macerated pulp necessary to burn the notes would often partially burn. It frequently happened that these were picked up in the neighborhood and presented at the department for redemption. One of the officials arranged a plan to prevent the difficulty, by which the smoke had to pass through water. This worked very well until one night the machinery was not left in proper condition, the flues were closed or the drafts reversed, or something of that kind. At any rate, in the morning the contents of all the rooms which were connected with the furnace chimney were perfectly saturated with creosote. The carpets, furniture, covers and papers showed that creosote had been an all-night visitor. It was then decided to return to the macerating plan, which had been somewhat improved. This now gives entire satisfaction.

A NEW QUESTION.

Should Idiots Be Allowed to Live, or Be Killed to Improve the Species?

(Baltimore Herald.)

At a meeting of the Pennsylvania State Medical Society on Tuesday last, Dr. Leffman read a paper on the advisability, propriety, or wisdom of killing idiots, natural monstrosities, or persons suffering from incurable disease. Dr. Leffman stated that he advanced his views on the subject, not because he was irrevocably committed to them, but because he desired to excite debate on the subject. Unfortunately, other business interfered, and the debate was not extended. Nevertheless, it was shown that there was an inclination on the part of many to agree with Dr. Leffman that within reasonable bounds it would be wise and justifiable to remove from life the class of persons mentioned.

That this proposition should be laid down at all shows that scientific men are year by year becoming more bold and fearless. It should be seriously entertained, and it is a question of how many innovations is passing away; that the mere mention of such a proposition does not excite horror and indignation, and that the wisest plan is to suspend judgment until such questions are fully discussed.

Viewed from an unprejudiced standpoint—that is, considering mankind in the abstract, without regard to the affections of blood—must be admitted that Dr. Leffman's proposition, so far as it applies to idiots and monstrosities, is worthy of serious consideration. We do not consider that the proposition to remove persons suffering from incurable diseases ought to be entertained for an instant.

The characteristics which distinguish man from brute are language, a desire and capacity to acquire knowledge, a sense of individuality or personality, an abstract conception of the existence of a Supreme Being, and a hope or desire for a continued future existence. The absence of any of these characteristics brings man nearer to the brute; the absence of all of them would transform him into a brute.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

The Great Panic of 1825 and Its Effect on The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street—Bank-Note Forgeries.

(N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.)

The excitement in financial circles in this city during the past few days is increasing interest to the panics of the past, not only in this metropolis, but in countries abroad. There was a great panic in the Bank of England in December, 1825, caused by the redemption of interest on £25,000,000 of stock held by the public. The Bank of England was acting as banker for the nation, and offered to advance money to the holders of stock to pay off their principal investment. This was an act of speculation, and no less than £32,100,000, or over \$1,500,000,000 was invested in all kinds of "bombs" stock projects. In some of these schemes shares of £100, on which only £5 had been paid, rose to a premium of £10, yielding a profit of eight times the amount of money paid. Everything went merry as a marriage bell for a time, and large sums had been withdrawn from the Bank of England, reducing the gold in its vaults from £5,750,000 in October, 1824, to £2,024,320 in February, 1825.

The panic began on the 5th of December, 1825, when a London bank failed at which the agency of over forty country banks was transacted, and such a reaction was the necessary result of the previous madness of speculation. Lombard street and the vicinity of the bank were filled with excited men and women, some frightened out of their wits, others raving like maniacs. The scenes witnessed in New York's financial center the past week were of a similar nature. The thousands of excited people were waiting eagerly to withdraw their investments. Next day several other banks failed. The rush on the Bank of England was terrific, but the clerks kept paying away the gold in bags containing twenty-five sovereigns each.

From 9 o'clock a. m. until 5 p. m. each day twenty-five clerks were engaged in counting out gold, and as it would take that number of clerks to count out £30,000 in sovereigns, if counted by hand, a plan was adopted by which the clerks counted twenty-five sovereigns into one scale and twenty-five into another, and if the scale balanced they continued until there were 250 sovereigns in each scale. In this way £1,000 were paid out in a few minutes, the weight of 1,000 sovereigns being twenty-one pounds, while 512 bank notes only weigh one pound. In this way £47,500 in gold was paid out in nine hours to clamorous depositors.

Instead of contracting their issues the directors of the bank had extended them. In one day they discounted £4,000 bills. On December 8 the discounts of the bank amounted to £75,000,000; on the 15th they were £115,000,000; on the 22nd £15,000,000. December 3 the circulation of the bank was £2,500,000, and on the day before was £2,500,000, and on the day before was £2,500,000. Any kind of paper that was not absolutely worthless was discounted. Tremendous advances on deposits of bills of exchange were made by the bank, stock was entered as security, and exchequer bills were purchased. The brilliant old institution weathered the storm, and on the 26th of December gold began to come in slowly. During the latter part of the panic week a forgotten box of £1 notes, containing £700,000, was discovered, and the directors acknowledged that the forgotten box saved the commercial credit of the Bank of England. There was only £601,000 in bullion and £420,000 in coin when the great rush stopped. In February, 1826, when the bank suspended cash payments, there was £1,090,170 in coin and bullion remaining in the vaults.

In old times a great many men were hanged for forging Bank of England notes. In one year, it seems, about 1829, there were over one hundred persons convicted of forgery, and nearly nine hundred were convicted of having forged notes in their pockets. There are many citizens of New York—though well advanced in years—who can remember the time—the year 1818—when twenty-four persons were hanged in one year for forgeries on the bank. In the year 1825 there was a great forgery committed by a man named Astlett, who was one of the chief cashiers of the bank. The amount was so large that it frightened everybody. Astlett did this work so well, by reissuing exchequer bills, that he defrauded the bank out of £250,000 before the forgery was detected. One can imagine the general consternation. The old governor of the bank nearly went mad.

The biggest forgery, however, was Fauntleroy's, in 1836, for \$500,000. Fauntleroy was the head partner in a bank in Berners street, London, that had dealings with the Bank of England. As the bank that he belonged to was in a bad state, Fauntleroy, in order to keep up its credit, went to work and forged powers of attorney of a lot of wealthy depositors and sold out their funds; yet all the time he was working in this way he was paying dividends to the men he was robbing. But the crash came at last, and before the police broke into Fauntleroy's house they found a note breathing defiance against the bank for having refused to discount his acceptances, and having thus destroyed the credit of his house. Fauntleroy was hanged for his crime, and an eye-witness remarks that all London was present at the execution.

A Fierce Battle for Life.

(Appalaheia Tribune.)

On last Friday a combat between a ten-foot man-eater shark and a seven-foot alligator was witnessed at East Pass, near Pilot Cove. When his sharkspiel the alligator, he went for him at a lively rate, cleaving the water with incredible rapidity. The alligator stood his ground, and waited the onslaught with blinking eyes and open mouth. Seeing his antagonist prepared for him, the wily shark made only a seeming attempt at attack, and rushed by his gash with increased velocity. When a few feet only intervened, the shark, by a turn known only to this fish, wheeled with lightning rapidity, and pounced upon his enemy. Quick as the movement was it did not succeed. As the saurian and the fish came together there was a terrible churning of the phosphorescent waters for a moment, and then the shark darted off a few feet, turned once more quickly upon its stomach, and his ponderous jaws closed upon the saurian's middle. There then was a crushing of bones and flesh for a second, the water was dyed with the saurian's life-blood, and then one-half of the defeated foe was seen to disappear down the cavernous throat of the shark.

The Money Invested in Marble.

(St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

Sixteen of the statues erected at Government expense in different parts of Washington have cost \$500,000, and it is probable that the Washington Monument, on which work is now progressing, will add \$1,000,000 to the total. Chief Justice Marshall's bronze statue, recently unveiled, cost \$40,000; Greenough's Washington, at the front of the Capitol, cost \$12,000; and the two statues facing it \$24,000 each; the Naval Monument, on Pennsylvania Avenue, \$25,000; the statue of Freedom, on the Capitol dome, \$25,000; the Emancipation group, \$17,000; General McPherson's statue, \$15,000; Admiral Farragut's, \$20,000; General Scott's, \$75,000; General Thomas', \$50,000; Andrew Jackson's, \$50,000; General Greene's, \$50,000; General Rawlins', \$10,000; and \$50,000 for the equestrian statue of Washington.

ARSENIC IN HER CANDY.

A DIABOLICAL ATTEMPT TO POISON. The Cowardly Effort Which a New York Dastard Made to Compass the Death of a Benevolent Old Lady.

(N. Y. Morning Journal.)

The following startling advertisement appeared in a morning paper recently:

\$100 REWARD WILL BE PAID FOR INFORMATION that shall lead to the conviction of the miscreant who anonymously sent a box of poisoned confections recently to 134 Park Avenue, ALLEN, TALMAGE & ALLEN, Attorneys, 32 Broadway, New York.

A New York *Journal* reporter called at the address mentioned and learned that an attempt to poison Mrs. Allen, an old lady, who, with her family, occupies the house, and only been trusted by the vigilance of her son, whose suspicious had been aroused by the peculiar color of the confectionery.

Mrs. Allen, who is sixty-five years of age, is the wife of H. P. Allen, a member of the well-known law firm of Allen, Talmage & Allen, 32 Broadway. The other members of the family are an unmarried daughter and a son, who is the junior partner in his father's firm. On the 6th of this month the letter-carrier delivered at the Allen mansion a square box neatly done up in brown paper. Several postage stamps were affixed to it, but as it was insufficiently prepaid thirty cents was collected for extra postage.

The address, "Mrs. H. A. Allen, 134 Park Avenue, New York city," was formed of printed letters, evidently cut out of a newspaper, pasted on the brown paper covering of the box. On removing the covering Mrs. Allen found that it contained a plain, square box of tin, which, on being opened, was found to be filled with an assortment of crystallized fruits, such as plums, cherries, shell oranges, and citron. The singular nature of the address, and the fact that there was no confectioner's name on any part of the package, struck Mrs. Allen as being singular, but, on second thought, she came to the conclusion that some friend who wished to remain unknown had sent her the candy as a little surprise. The fruit, glittering in its crystalline coating, looked very tempting, and the old lady was on the point of eating a piece of it when, luckily, her son entered.

"Just look at this lovely candy," she said. "Wonder who can have sent it. Evidently it's some one who must know me well, and does not wish to have his handwriting recognized."

As she said this she handed her son the wrapper with the printed address. It seemed strange to him that the sender of a present of candy should take so much trouble to conceal his identity, and he examined it closely.

"This box was never put up by a confectioner," he remarked. "Let me see the candy. What a strange color it has!" he continued, as he held a piece up to the light. "There's something strange about this, mother—don't touch any of it."

After a further and closer scrutiny of the wrapper, the box, and its contents, Mr. Allen decided to have the candy examined, and accordingly carried it to his family physician. Taking a small piece of crystallized lime on the end of his knife-blade, the doctor held it in the flame of a gas-jet, and after it was consumed carefully examined the residuum.

"Arsenic!" he said. "Have this analyzed. There's enough in this fragment alone to cause death."

Thoroughly alarmed, Mr. Allen took the box to an analytical chemist, who made a careful examination of the confectionery. His analysis showed that every piece of fruit in the box was thoroughly impregnated with arsenical poison, probably Paris green. The box, which held about a pound of candy, contained a sufficient quantity of the deadly drug to kill twenty people. Mrs. Allen was almost prostrated with nervous excitement on hearing of her narrow escape.

Mr. Allen said yesterday to a *Journal* reporter that he was satisfied that the box had been sent by some scoundrel with the intention of poisoning his mother and possibly the other members of his family. Who the person could be he could form no possible idea, but he had a suspicion, so vague as not to warrant an accusation, of whom the guilty party was.

Since the box had been received Mr. Allen has been diligently prosecuting private inquiries, but has been unable to find any clue that would guide him to the would-be murderer. Mrs. Allen, who is a most amiable and lady, beloved by all who know her, has not, so far as she knows, an enemy in the world, and is at a loss to imagine who can have intended to do her harm. The police have been notified, and they are making energetic efforts to arrest the miscreant.

BRICKTOP'S SCHEME.

How He Brought Out the Good Side of the Miners and Their Gold as Well.

(Cor. Boston Globe.)

All the boys had gone back on their luck that day, for it had rained pitch-forks from sunrise till sunset. They had gathered round the bright fire in the bar parlor of the Valley Nugget, and sat drying the wet remnants of shirts that hung in dripping tatters from their broad shoulders. They smoked with unusually moody and disinterested expressions on their rugged and well-bronzed faces, and with knit brows in silence watched the howling storm outside, and listened to the continual torrent of rain that seemingly threatened to make a lake of the valley below for weeks to come. They had panned out poor for the last ten days, and now this bad spell of weather threatened to make things worse. Each one felt discouraged, but refrained from complaining lest the rest of the boys might think he'd lost his sand. Suddenly, Bricktop exclaimed: "Come, boys, cheer up! Take or leave it, I ain't of no sort of use being downhearted at yer don't rise yer pile every day. Yer fellows dunno what hard luck. Just wait till yer sick during clear weather. Ther'll be yer blues, when yer too played out ter work and get laid up for six months with ther ager. While yer lie on yer back yer think yer leetle ones ter him, and how yer ain't got to clean mud. Yer allus wants ter keep yer gut up long's yer kin, fer yer can't tell what'll turn up or when yer'll stretch yer length."

"That's poor Jim down ther gulch laid up with ther runstie and can't step on his feet. He got some letters from home ter day and hadn't the strength ter open 'em. Ar read 'em ter him. His heart's most broke. His ma's sick and needy, an' he's dead strapped; all his sugar's ginter old sawbones up ter ther Bend fer medicine and sich. Boys, think er Jim. How'd yer feel if yer war fixed that way while yer mothers lay sufferin and in want? Boys, 'twas him 'mongst all on us wot fust struck ther lead, gin us pints, helped us all and now he's short, 'tain't no more'n squar' and just we should chip in and help him out with er leetle dust. Come, what d'ye say? We kin soon make it up, and we'll never miss wat we drops on ther plate. Yer can't tell yer know, mout be our turn one of these days ter get ther ager and be stretched out right ther whar poor Jim is, an' our dust all gone ter ther medicine shopat ther Bend. We'd feel right good ef ther boys would just chip in er leetle ter help ther poor mother along till we get better agin. We'd do ther same ef we war well. Yer's ma an't. It's small, but it's all ar kin afford. Any of yer tellars can raise it. Come, pour out on ther bench."

Big Jake quietly loosened up his belt. Others followed suit, and little by little the pile grew in proportions. There was damp in the boys' eyes, for Bricktop's words had struck home, and each one felt that although he'd had hard luck for a time that it was nothing compared to poor Jim's, and was glad he was able to give something, if only a little.

"Boys," said Brick, "this good turn ter Jim'll make us light-hearted, an' we'll have good luck ter-morrow. It's gittin kinder late, an' ar reckon as how ar'd better go an' spring ther good news to Jim. Poor feller! It'll make him feel right glad. Well, pards, here's hoping Jim'll git well soon."

Bricktop drained the glass, tied up the dust, bid the boys good night, and, stepping through the door, took the road down the gulch, and he was soon lost in the darkness and gloom beyond.

The storm outside had somewhat abated its fury, and after Brick had departed the boys were a bit cheery, laughed, cracked jokes, made up a game of draw, and had another "shoot."

For several hours they played, and close on toward midnight the door opened and something happened that startled each man as much as could have an earthquake—brought him to his feet as though he had seen an apparition.

Jim walked in, nodded to the boys, sauntered easily up to the bar, called for his liquor, then sat down by the fire and commenced to load his pipe.

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A New York *Journal* reporter called at the address mentioned and learned that an attempt to poison Mrs. Allen, an old lady, who, with her family, occupies the house, and only been trusted by the vigilance of her son, whose suspicious had been aroused by the peculiar color of the confectionery.

Mrs. Allen, who is sixty-five years of age, is the wife of H. P. Allen, a member of the well-known law firm of Allen, Talmage & Allen, 32 Broadway. The other members of the family are an unmarried daughter and a son, who is the junior partner in his father's firm. On the 6th of this month the letter-carrier delivered at the Allen mansion a square box neatly done up in brown paper. Several postage stamps were affixed to it, but as it was insufficiently prepaid thirty cents was collected for extra postage.

The address, "Mrs. H. A. Allen, 134 Park Avenue, New York city," was formed of printed letters, evidently cut out of a newspaper, pasted on the brown paper covering of the box. On removing the covering Mrs. Allen found that it contained a plain, square box of tin, which, on being opened, was found to be filled with an assortment of crystallized fruits, such as plums, cherries, shell oranges, and citron. The singular nature of the address, and the fact that there was no confectioner's name on any part of the package, struck Mrs. Allen as being singular, but, on second thought, she came to the conclusion that some friend who wished to remain unknown had sent her the candy as a little surprise. The fruit, glittering in its crystalline coating, looked very tempting, and the old lady was on the point of eating a piece of it when, luckily, her son entered.

"Just look at this lovely candy," she said. "Wonder who can have sent it. Evidently it's some one who must know me well, and does not wish to have his handwriting recognized."

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

The Great Panic of 1825 and Its Effect on The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street—Bank-Note Forgeries.

(N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.)

The excitement in financial circles in this city during the past few days is increasing interest to the panics of the past, not only in this metropolis, but in countries abroad. There was a great panic in the Bank of England in December, 1825, caused by the redemption of interest on £25,000,000 of stock held by the public. The Bank of England was acting as banker for the nation, and offered to advance money to the holders of stock to pay off their principal investment. This was an act of speculation, and no less than £32,100,000, or over \$1,500,000,000 was invested in all kinds of "bombs" stock projects. In some of these schemes shares of £100, on which only £5 had been paid, rose to a premium of £10, yielding a profit of eight times the amount of money paid. Everything went merry as a marriage bell for a time, and large sums had been withdrawn from the Bank of England, reducing the gold in its vaults from £5,750,000 in October, 1824, to £2,024,320 in February, 1825.

The panic began on the 5th of December, 1825, when a London bank failed at which the agency of over forty country banks was transacted, and such a reaction was the necessary result of the previous madness of speculation. Lombard street and the vicinity of the bank were filled with excited men and women, some frightened out of their wits, others raving like maniacs. The scenes witnessed in New York's financial center the past week were of a similar nature. The thousands of excited people were waiting eagerly to withdraw their investments. Next day several other banks failed. The rush on the Bank of England was terrific, but the clerks kept paying away the gold in bags containing twenty-five sovereigns each.

From 9 o'clock a. m. until 5 p. m. each day twenty-five clerks were engaged in counting out gold, and as it would take that number of clerks to count out £30,000 in sovereigns, if counted by hand, a plan was adopted by which the clerks counted twenty-five sovereigns into one scale and twenty-five into another, and if the scale balanced they continued until there were 250 sovereigns in each scale. In this way £1,000 were paid out in a few minutes, the weight